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ADVERTISEMENT

THE

QUACK-DOCTOR.

POEM.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE Publication of this Work has purposely been deferred for some time, in Expectation of seeing an ingenious Essay upon the Necessity and Usefulness of studying the Classics, by the High-Master (already printed, but supposed, for particular Reasons, to be since suppressed), which might greatly have illustrated the Notes: And the Annotator afterwards found himself indispensably obliged to postpone it a little longer, on account of some low Endeavours which had been used to deprive him of the Benefit of the Country Press: But, in spite of the joint Endeavours of Malice and Ignorance, he now begs Leave to inform the World, that if these two Pieces meet with a generous Encouragement, they may very shortly expect to see some others no on less curious, and no less entertaining.



T H E  
QUACK-DOCTOR.

A  
P O E M.

As Originally Spoke at the FREE GRAMMAR  
SCHOOL in *MANCHESTER*.

WITH  
NOTES CRITICAL and EXPLANATORY.

Interpersed with proper OBSERVATIONS upon the  
DESIGN, CONDUCT, and EXECUTION of it.

---

*Sibi quivis*  
*Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra que laboret,*  
*Aufus idem.* HOR.

*Old Manuscripts he treasur'd up,  
And romag'd ev'ry Grocer's Shop ;  
At Pastry-cooks was known to ply,  
And strip for Science ev'ry Pye :  
For modern Poetry and Wit,  
He had read all that Blackmore writ ;  
So intimate with Curll was grown,  
His learned Treasures were his own.  
In Logic he acquir'd such Knowledge,  
You'd swear him Fellow of a College :  
Alike to ev'ry Art and Science  
His daring Genius bid Defiance,  
And swallow'd Wisdom with that Haste,  
That Cits do Custard at a Feast.* Female Fables.

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To which is added,  
A DECLAMATION, spoke at the same Time, upon  
the Breaking-up of the School for *Christmas, December 13. 1744.*

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L O N D O N :  
Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-lane*.  
MDCCXLV.  
(Price One Shilling)





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T O

## The Reverend Mr. B---ke.

S I R,

**I**T is as necessary for a Person, before he appears in Print, to guard against the Spleen and Ill-nature of the Critics, as it would be prudent in a Mariner, upon the Approach of a Hurricane, to avoid the Fury of the Storm.

And this, I think, I have effectually done, by prefixing Your Name to this Dedication; a Name, which, at the same time that it commands the greatest Respect, disarms the most inveterate Hatred.

I confess, it might have been consistent with good Manners, to have asked Your Leave, before I had taken so much Freedom with Your Countenance: And yet, this Ceremony I purposely omitted, for fear of insulting Your Modesty.

The *Quack-Doctor* needs no Panegyric from my Pen; for the Author (and all the World does You the Justice to believe it Yours) has, in his late ingenious Essay upon Peaceableness, given the World too great Proofs of His Abilities, to be suspected of being unqualified for so difficult an Undertaking.

The World might justly have condemned me, had I presumed to take from, or add to (which is far above my Capacity), the Beauties of so celebrated a Poem: And my sole Intention of making public these few Observations  
upon

## D E D I C A T I O N.

upon it, was only to point out such Excellencies as might accidentally have escaped an ordinary Reader's Notice; but as they cannot be supposed to be of any Service to the Learned, who are far more capable of making better themselves, I shall be very glad, if some more able Person is hereby encouraged to do the great Original more ample Justice; as a Work will then be continued to succeeding Ages, which has deservedly made so much Noise in this

You will not, I hope, suspect me of Flattery, for having made these just, but necessary, Compliments to Your Merit; neither would I give You any Reason to call me impertinent, for only speaking those Praises to Your Face, which others are so liberal of behind Your Back.

And here I might (if I follow'd the hackney Method of Dedications) descant upon that Ease and Facility with which You so chearfully discharge the painful Duty of a Schoolmaster: I could too mention, with what unwearied Diligence and Application (as formerly) You now attend the School (notwithstanding Your being reduced from a generous Two hundred to a scanty Pittance of Ten Pounds a Year): But these, however agreeable, Subjects I purposely omit, for fear You should attribute to the fulsome Complaisance of a Dedicator, what proceeds only from the great Veneration of

Manchester,  
Feb. 2. 1744.

*Your sincere Friend,*

*And very humble Servant, &c.*

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# P R E F A C E.

*O*Ratory and Poetry have long been considered as incompatible Studies; and a Proficient in the one has seldom been known to be an Adept in the other. Cicero, though the greatest Orator, was by far the most contemptible Poet of his Time: Cedant arma togæ was the general Sneer of Rome; and the arrantest Whiffler in Poetry would have scorn'd to have wrote any thing so puerile as concedat laurea laudi. Every Man has his particular Province allotted him; and if, instead of perverting, we could be content to graft upon Nature, Blockheads in Life would be less frequent; and every dead Weight we now meet with, would then become an useful Member of Society. Non omnia possumus omnes, is an Expression both of great Truth, and great Antiquity; yet so passionately fond are we of our dear Selves, and at the same time so stupidly blind to our real Imperfections, that nothing but the giddy Charioteer's Fate can ever deter us from attempting Impossibilities:

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam  
Viribus; et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
Quid valeant humeri,

*is a Precept which cannot be too often inculcated, whether we intend to shine in the Court, or the Camp: And to the religious*

P R E F A C E.

*religious Observance of this golden Rule, without giving the Reader any further Trouble, may be attributed the great Success which our Author has met within the learned World, who, though a Poet, has excelled as an Orator; and though an Orator, has excelled as a Poet:*

At hæc est  
Rara avis in terris nigroque fimillima cygno.





DECLAMATION

A

# DECLAMATION

SPOKEN AT THE

BREAKING-UP

OF THE

FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL

In MANCHESTER,

For CHRISTMAS, 1744.

*Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

**N**IHIL majus aut melius dñi terris donant  
cœlestes, quam principem, qui virtuti et  
suorum commodo omnia postponit. Hic rem-  
publicam armis tutatur, moribus emendat, fan-

B

ctisque

## DECLAMATIO.

Atque legibus stabilire quoadet ; est vere pater patriæ, & reipublicæ summo ornamento et tutamini. E contra, si animi sit pusillus, aut consilii expers, si quid imprudentia, vel impietate, vel nequitia delinquit, cives sunt periculis involuti, et regis delicta plebi sunt exitiosa. Quippe si dolet caput, inferiora corporis membra doleant necesse est. Qui magno potiuntur imperio, qui in excelsa ætatem agunt, qui denique summos affecuti sunt honores, mala eorum facinora cives sua luunt poena ; & humiles laborant, ubi potentes pravis ducti consiliis inter se dissident. Heu ! quanta plebeiis instat perniciēs ! Quis furor ad illorum capita pertinet, peccante rege ! nam in populum delicta cuduntur. Tu, princeps, peccare cave ; nam salus vitæque tuorum in tuis manibus sunt positæ. Rana magnopere  
taurorum

## DECLAMATIO.

taurorum metuit praelia, quando vidit quanta inde ipsis ruina imminebat. Agamemnon, dum Chryseida patri noluit restituere, pestem in Graecorum castris concitavit, qua multa militum millia perierunt. Quantas copias collegit Xerxes, quantam comparavit classem Europæ minans stragem et catenas! Praelio vero facto, exercitus ejus turpiter erat fusus, gregarii que milites pro ductoris superbia cladem acceperunt infandam. Quid contulit Cæsari Pharsalica victoria? Quid vincendi, sublevandi, ignoscendi gloria, et summum imperium? Infelix non sine militum numero carentium sanguine improvise cecidit. Principibus minime peccandum est, ea præsertim de causa, quod sua mala cives malis obrunt infestissimis. Qui igitur exercitum continere cupit, qui rempublicam feliciter vult

## DECLAMATIO.

administrare, se ipsum continere discat, libidines refrænare, iram reprimere, cæterasque animi labes repellere. Quæcunque enim in principibus morum erit culpa, constat eandem, quasi pestem, plebem invasuram.



THE



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T H E

# QUACK-DOCTOR\*.

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**A**S I was walking up and down,  
 With a Friend, to view the Town,  
 We saw a Croud of Country Folks  
 Stuck round a Stage, as thick as Hops.

But,

\* The World, having by this time, I imagine, discovered the Reverend Author of the Quack-Doctor, will, without Doubt, be no less inquisitive into the probable Causes that induced him to make it public: To clear up a Point then of such great Importance, and which has already occasioned various Speculations amongst the Curious, it will be necessary to inform them, that this Piece is intended not only as a Vindication of his injured Merit, but likewise as a full Confutation of those groveling Objections, that have been made against his Abilities, considering him as a Schoolmaster. And here I cannot but secretly triumph with him, for having thus seasonably put it out of the Reach of Malice to attack his learned Character: Mankind indeed, without such a conspicuous Proof of his Parts, might have persisted in their bigotted Notions of his want of Capacity; but certainly he that is not dead to Conviction, must now, in the Sincerity of his Heart,  
 be

5 But, lo! a party-colour'd Chap

Starts up, attended with a Clap ;

Who

be assured to the contrary. I confess, when I reflect upon this Poem, which I consider as the Standard of fine Writing, and equally serviceable to us both in the Improvement of our Knowledge and Politeness, and which is intended to correct, enlarge, and ascertain our Language ; I cannot help being greatly astonished, that so elaborate a Composition, so unexceptionable in every Word and Syllable, could be begun and finished in so short a time as Two Months : A stupendous Instance of the Force of human Wit ! Such a Miracle of Learning cannot fail, certainly, of meeting with the deserved Applauses of Mankind in general : And I am sure will never be forgot by this Town in particular, who are so greatly indebted to him for his generous Care in the Education of their Children ; and to whose indefatigable and successful Endeavours may be attributed those speedy Advancements, which Youth are known to make in every Branch of polite Literature ; and where the glad Father may justly hope to see those Talents exemplified in his Son, which he so passionately admires in the Master. But now to the Poem.

*As I was walking up and down, Line 1.]* Our Author, notwithstanding that Vein of Delicacy and Sweetness which runs through the whole Composition, could not have given us a greater Proof of his masterly Genius, nor prepossessed the Reader more in his Favour, than by this short, but natural Description, wherewith he begins his Poem ; in Allusion, as I suppose, to the Line in *Horace* ;

*Ibam ut forte via sacra* - - - - -

*Stuck round a Stage as thick as Hops, Line 4.]* A glorious Thought this ! and not unbecoming the Majesty of *Milton* : A Person of less Skill and Penetration would have compared the Croud to a Swarm of Bees, or a Bank of Pistmires ; but our Poet, who every-where shews his Judgment in the Choice of his Metaphors, takes care to convey his Thoughts under such Images and Resemblances as most agreeably affect the Senses : And could he have given us a more full Idea of such a mixed Multitude, than  
by

Who had assembled in his Face,  
A whole Collection of Grimace :

As

by the Simile above-mentioned? The Aptness of the Rhyme, likewise, in this Couplet, justly deserves our Notice: For though some People may carp at *Hops*, as by no means a Musical Rhime to *Folks*; yet our Author shews a generous Affectation of Poetic Liberty; and scorns to have his great Genius tied down to such a servile Similitude of Sounds, as other inferior Poets have submitted to. This same noble Latitude of Rhyme is frequently exemplified in other Parts of this most incomparable Poem; witness *Piece*, and *Dress*; *Croud*, *would*; *confess*, *Æsculapius*; *true*, *know*; *Italy*, *gratify*; *Portugal*, *Pill*; *Man*, *thereupon*.

*But, lo! a Party-colour'd Chap*, Line 5.] The Character of *Pickle-Herring* is, in my Opinion, so highly finished, and so exactly drawn after the Life, that we may pronounce our Author to have in this Particular not only equalled, but even exceeded, all his Contemporaries: He every-where shews himself to have thoroughly studied the *English* Tongue, and to be perfectly acquainted with the Force and Energy of every Expression in it. If the Composition therefore was devoid of all other Beauties, this brilliant Word, so expressive of the *Je-ne-scai-quoi* of the *Merry-Andrew*, would bespeak it a candid Reception amongst the unprejudiced Learned: *But, lo!* says he: What an agreeable Surprise is this! how artfully does he excite our Admiration! how cunningly does he play with our Passions! and (having by this means forestalled our Judgment) with what Skill and Dexterity does he still heighten our Pleasure, by improving our Wonder to the very Conclusion of his Story!

*Starts up, attended with a Clap*, Line 6.] *Obj.* In a sweet Case, faith, you'll say! That Part of the Story might have been well omitted; for blabbing of Tales is quite ungenerous. *Ans.* Could Malice have devised a more ill-natured Construction, or wrested a plain Meaning to a worse Purpose than this? But there are none so blind as those who will not see: Else, who does not know, that *attended with a Clap* implies no more, than that when *Andrew* began to harangue the Mob, they saluted him with loud Huzzas?



As great a Wit as ever spoke,  
 10 For scarce a Word without a Joke :  
 Throughout the same, all of a Piece,  
 His Wit the Picture of his Dress.  
 So arch a Wag in ev'ry Part,  
 It pass'd for Wit if he let a F----t.

No

*A whole Collection of Grimace, Line 8.]* Humour and Drollery are so essentially necessary in the Composition of a Jack-Pudding, that it would have been a Fault unpardonable to have represented him in any other Light : Accordingly we here see him equipt with all the Ornaments of Buffoonry, retaling his Jokes to the Croud with as much Impudence, and (I'll be bound to say) to as great an Advantage, as poetical Justice could possibly afford him.

*As great a Wit as ever spoke ;* } *Neē desilies imita-*  
*For scarce a Word without a Joke, Lines 9 and 10. } tor in artum,* was  
 a Caution to succeeding Writers by one of the greatest Critics of his Time :  
 And how happily our Poet has herein succeeded, will best appear by comparing the above Lines with those in *Hudibras* ;

“ For Rhetoric, he could not ope  
 “ His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope.

Cant. i.

Hence we may see how he has refined upon the Thought without being beholden to the Expression ; and how far from being a Copyist, that he is himself the great Original.

*It pass'd for Wit if he let a F----t, Line 14.]* Oh ! thrice inimitably beautiful Line ! Was ever Sentiment more happily clothed with Diction,  
 or



15 No Wonder, then, the gaping Croud  
 He turn'd about which Way he wou'd.  
 But who comes here, with solemn Pace ?  
 His Waistcoat richly daub'd with Lace ;

His

or Diction more agreeably suited to Sentiment ? Could the Poet have given the World a more conspicuous Proof of his Cleanliness, or convinced his Audience how just an Opinion he had of their polite Taste, than by this delicate Expression wherewith he closes his Verse ? And if VIRGIL'S *Duo fulmina belli* merited the Laurel for being the most succinct and full Description of two the greatest [the two *Scipio's*] Heroes that ever liv'd in the World, I see no Reason why the motley Behaviour, Dress, and Conversation of *Andrew*, which is here express'd in as lively (and I had very near said in as short) a manner, may not give us as unquestionable a Title to a Chaplet of Roses. However, to shew that he builds not on the Word whereon the Rhyme jests, he has provided eight Syllables for his Verse without founding it ; and those too of such irregular Quantities, as may take off the Ear from expecting it. This Poem is adorned in every Page with these Beauties, and proves the Sublimity of our Author's Genius, which throws off the Shackles of Rhime and Quantity ; and soars far above the Tribe of dastard Poets, who confine themselves to the Rules of Art. See Lines 2, 20, 22, 30, 39, 45, 50, 52, 53, 59, 60, 61, 62, 69, &c.

*But who comes here with solemn Pace ?* Line 17.] Now comes a Master-piece of Wit and Contrivance ; for our Poet, as I before observed, having very artfully tickled our Curiosity, by leading us Step by Step through his whole Narration (and by that means kept our Attention awake) loses of a sudden his *Andrew* in the Croud, and in his stead introduces the Doctor : And as he very well knew that shewing him upon the Stage without a Grandeur and Dignity of Dress, would only expose him to the Contempt and Ridicule of the Audience ; so he takes care to usher him in with a Solemnity of Verse equal to the Solemnity of the Occasion ; and this is

His Wig the Measure of his Skill,  
 20 Either to cure, or to kill.

His

agreeable to that excellent Precept in HORACE, *Sibi convenientia finge, scriptor*. Nay, so conformable to all his Rules is the Scope and Design of this Poem, that we may defy the most celebrated Composition of any of the Moderns to vie with it, either for Depth of Judgment, Purity of Expression, or unaffected Freedom of Thought.

*His Wig the Measure of his Skill,  
 Either to cure, or to kill, Lines 19 and 20.]*

*Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis  
 Purpureus late qui splendeat unus et alter  
 Adjuvitur pannus ;*

is a Remark too justly applicable to a great Number of the scribbling Tribe, but can in no Shape be retorted ~~back~~ upon us; for, instead of those little Starts and Flashes of Wit with which their Compositions abound, we meet with here the same Evenness and Serenity of Mind, and the same Greatness and Solidity of Judgment happily maintain'd to the very Close of the Poem: Thus the tractable smooth-rating Courser seldom fails of being crown'd with Success, whilst the hot-headed fiery Steed was scarcely ever known to win the Prize. I think our Author had *Hudibras* in his Eye, when he gave us the Picture of his Doctor; and how far he and *Orsin* agree in their Characters, will appear by the following Quotation:

" Thus virtuous *Orsin* was endu'd  
 " With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,  
 " Incomparable: And as the Prince  
 " Of Poets, *Homer*, sung long since,  
 " A skilful Leech is better far,  
 " Than half a hundred Men of War;  
 " So he appear'd, and by his Skill,  
 " No less than Dint of Sword, cou'd kill.

*Canto 2.  
 His*

His trusty Sword, plainly design'd,  
 As a proper Emblem of his Mind.  
 Each Part you see does him confess  
 The Son of *Æsculapius*.

But

*His trusty Sword plainly design'd*  
*As a proper Emblem of his Mind, Lines 21 and 22.]* } Cavil and Ill-  
 nature are inseparable from Ignorance; so we always find the low Pretenders to Wit criticising upon such Works as are not calculated (if I may use the Expression) for the Meridian of their Knowledge: I know a Group of these Fellows have lately sat in Judgment against these two poor Lines, and pronounced Sentence against them with as much Spleen, and as little Mercy, as ever was shewn towards the greatest Delinquent: But if any sensible Man will (divested of his Prejudices) convince me either of the Inaccuracy or Ambiguity of them, I'll fairly lay down my Pen, and **never** more offer to vindicate the Honour of a Poem which cannot fail of being remarkably distinguish'd, whilst Poetry flourishes, or any Regard is paid to Learning. But to make no farther Digression, I think 'tis very plain; and the obvious Sense and Meaning is, that as the Sword was excellently temper'd, and free from Flaws of every Kind, and therefore the more to be depended upon; so his Mind was seasoned with all manner of useful Knowledge, and, consequently, fitter to be trusted in the most critical Distempers.

*Each Part you see him does confess*  
*The Son of Æsculapius, Lines 23 and 24.]* } *Ut poesis, sic pictura*; this  
 will certainly please the Critics; if not, let them attack, and they'll find a very warm Reception. Our Poet might (if he had pleas'd) here have shewn himself a more wise Niggard of his Strength; for the Doctor was plainly describ'd in the Lines above: But he has now clench'd it with a witness, by putting him on a trusty Sword, a full-bottom'd Wig, and a rich laced Waistcoat; for who appear in such a gaudy Dress but the Gentlemen of the Faculty?—Match this that can.



25 But whether what I guess be true,  
 By his Speech you soon will know.  
 You, Gentlemen, which here attend,  
 To your Thoughts let me commend

Some

But now for the Design of the Poem, which (if any it has) is to decry and expose, as well the nauseous Pretenders to Physic, as the empty Smatterers in Learning. Our Poet, who appears to have studied Nature in all its different Attitudes, and to have had a clear Insight into the Foibles and Imperfections of Mankind, was too well apprised, that Instruction would never go down with the World, unless 'twas convey'd through the Chancel of Pleasure. Agreeable then to the Humour of the Age, he plays off his Hero in as pompous and ostentatious a Manner, as Wit and Judgment could possibly devise; but at the same time, that he is (to all Appearance) employ'd how he most entertains, he rallies us with the most fine and masterly Strokes of Satire, for being led away (as he supposes) with empty Shew, and for being genteelly gull'd of our Money for what will never be of any real Service to us: Ill-natur'd Folks will, perhaps, say that something personal is intended, or that some particular Person is here levell'd at; but certainly none but ill-natur'd Folks can say such spiteful Things: However, if any, though the least, Rancour should appear, the honest *Scotchman's* Motto will sufficiently justify him: And, methinks, it should be the Care and Business, I am sure it is the Policy, of every Inferior, to be cautious how he provokes his Superior; but be this as it will: If (as 'tis said) the most severe and unparalell'd bad Treatment, join'd to the grossest Affronts, gave Rise to one of the finest Books [*Hudibras*] in its Kind that ever was wrote, has not the present Age the greatest Reasons to rejoice, that a personal Pique (supposing it be so) has furnish'd them with a Poem which cannot fail of being equally taken Notice of? And which I hope will never be forgot when Time is no more.

*You, Gentlemen, which here attend, Line 27.] This is the most curious Speech I ever met with, either in the antient or modern Writers: What a Fund of Learning*



- Some great Discoveries I shall make  
 30 In the Art of Physic, for your Sake.  
 With vast Expence far have I travell'd  
 Before these Secrets I unravell'd :  
 Thro' *France*, and *Spain*, and *Italy*.  
 I travers'd, you to gratify.  
 35 *Lewis le Grand* I lately cur'd ;  
 I'm the Man his Life restor'd.

His

Learning do we discover here all at once? How irresistibly, and like the strong Torrent, does it bear down all before it? Who can forbear being dazzled with its Beauties? Who can avoid being ensnared with its Charms? Would the Reader be pleas'd to compare the the deservedly admired Speech of *Brutus* to the *Roman* Citizens (by *Shakespear*) upon the Murder of *Julius Caesar* with this now before him, he will then be capable of forming a Judgment of the Abilities of these two great Prodigies, and easily, by that means, determine to whom the greater Tribute of Praise is due: But 'tis no wonder if our Poet, in this Particular, outdoes himself; for the Art of Speaking in Publick has long been his darling Study; and though the World has hitherto been depriv'd of a Treatise (which I am told he has wrote upon that Subject), they may here find a Specimen of what may be hereafter expected, when he can prevail upon himself to quit his native Modesty, and forsake his beloved Solitude.

*Lewis le Grand I lately cur'd*, Line 35.] This very Discovery is worth a Million of Money; we have long borrow'd Arts and Sciences from *France*, but have at length repaid them the Favour with accumulated Interest: If the *French* Monarch then has the least Sense of Gratitude, he will never forget his Obligations to the *English*: And if his Subjects have that Loyalty and Affection for him as they pretend to, by their late fulsome Congratu-  
 lations

His Majesty of *Portugal*  
 Lives by the Virtue of my Pill :  
 And a Dozen more that I could name,  
 40 All Persons, too, of equal Fame.  
 Had I been there, so many Men  
 Had not been lost at *Dettingen*.

What

lations upon the Recovery of his Health, they can do no less than erect a Statue to the Immortal Memory of our *English* Doctor.

*I'm the Man his Life restor'd*, Line 36.] Repetition is a Figure, which gracefully and emphatically repeats either the same Words, or the same Sense in different Words; and if ever it could be said to be pertinently used, it was never more so than in the Line before us: 'Tis true, it may favour a little too much of Vanity; and yet 'tis here very pardonable; for so extraordinary a Cure cannot be too often repeated, nor kept too fresh in the Minds of a Croud, already too much disposed for Novelties.

*His Majesty of Portugal* } Good again! Was  
*Lives by the Virtue of my Pill*, Lines 37 and 38.] } *Ward's Pill* ever half so wonder-working as this? And since the Doctor has, out of his great Generosity, communicated this Secret for the Benefit of Mankind, 'twill be no Difficulty, I think, hence to account for the great Plenty of *Portugal* Pieces amongst us; but this is, with great Submission, left to the Determination of the Critics.

*All Persons too of equal Fame*, Line 40.] I wish he had been pleased to have favoured us with a List of those great Personages; but without doubt he had his Reasons for not doing it; 'twould be highly impertinent then in this Place to attempt it.

*Had not been lost at Dettingen*, Line 42.] This is another harmless Expression, which no doubt will have a double Meaning father'd upon it, and either

What Secrets Nature long conceal'd,  
To me she kindly has reveal'd.

45 A *Catholicon* or two I have,  
Which all your precious Lives will save.

either be looked upon as an outrageous Affront upon that distinguish'd Warrior, who commanded with so much Coolness and Intrepidity at that dreadful Action (and who, to animate the drooping Soldiery, led himself the Way through the thickest Dangers, and, like an untam'd Lion, wherever he appear'd, made a dismal Carnage of whole Ranks of the Enemy); or, what's highly injurious, be construed into a Sneer upon the *English* Surgeons, who upon that Occasion (as all the World knows) shewed the most wonderful Address and Dexterity in curing the Wounded: But if there is as much Redress due to a Poet, for having his innocent Wit improved into Scandal; as there is (no doubt) Law for a Person whose unmeaning Words are interpreted into Treason, we can safely bid Envy herself to rear her speckled Crest against us.

*Which all your precious Lives will save, Line 46.]* And who is so foolish as not to prize Life! O *felices nimium, sua si norint bona Angli-* *sani!* And if ever a Nation had a Blessing attendant upon it, it certainly must be old *England*, since the Means of Death are thus happily disappointed, and the most exquisite Pain can serve only to give us a greater Relish of Pleasure. But,—hold! let us not look over the Epithet *precious*, for it is a precious Word indeed! and for its Beauty and Comprehensiveness, cannot be equalled any where but in the elaborate Compositions of the two most celebrated Lyric Poets that ever *England* bred; I mean *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*: And these our Author seems to have studied with the most intense Application—so extremely necessary it is to consult the most eminent Writers, before one can be said to have a just Taste of one's own.



At hearing this, *Andrew*, amaz'd,  
 Stood still, and at his Master gaz'd :  
 Wrything his Face, he cast his Eyes,  
 50 With Astonishment, up to the Skies ;  
 Then swore that ev'ry Word was true,  
 Which, as well as he, all the World knew.  
 At the *Hague*, says he, I saw a Man  
 Who lost his Head, and thereupon  
 55 My Master set it on again. }

Another

*At hearing this, Andrew, amaz'd. Line 47.] Andrew's Astonishment will, no doubt, be a great Surprise to the Reader, especially when he finds him, a few Lines below, attesting the Truth of every thing his Master has said, and appealing to all the World for the Notoriety of it ; But whoever has studied *Longinus* to the purpose, will want no Excuse for this Passage, when he considers how much the Marvelous contributes to the Sublime.*

*With Astonishment, up to the Skies, Line 50.] These two Lines are deserving of golden Characters ; the Passions are so inimitably painted, and the Emotions and Distortions of *Andrew* are so fully described, that one cannot help being equally moved themselves : I do not know what Effect they may have upon the Reader ; but, for my own Part, I ingenuously confess, that I cannot refrain from wrything my Face, or casting my Eyes, with Astonishment, up to the Skies, as often as I reflect upon them.—So wonderfully transported am I with any thing that is natural.*

*At the Hague, says he, I saw a Man, Line 53.] The Hypercritics will, no doubt, object to this, as bordering too much upon the Marvelous ;*



Another Fellow lost an Arm ;  
 He caught it up while it was warm,  
 And set it so, he felt no Harm. } [true,  
 Good Gentlemen, if what I've said ben't  
 60 I beg you'd never more believe *Andrew*.

Upon

lous ; but let them remember, that Poets and Painters have altogether been uncontrouled in their Fancies, with regard to their Compositions ; and though Truth may seem a little overstrained, yet we have *Horace's* Authority to bear us harmless. But, for fear this may not give full Satisfaction, I will venture to adapt to *Andrew* what *Trulla*, in another Place, says to *Cerdon*, upon the Loss of *Orsin's* Crony Bear.

" Such Feats already h' has atchiev'd,  
 " In Story not to be believ'd ;  
 " And 'twou'd to us be Shame enough,  
 " Not to attempt to bring him off.

Hudibras, *Canto II.*

Good Gentlemen, if what I've said ben't true, Line 59.] *Exegi monumentum ære perennius.* The Depravity of our Taste, and the Corruption of our Style, have long been complained of by the most judicious Critics : And how careful our Poet has been to remedy this great Defect, will appear, not only by his frequent Use of Monosyllables (the Beauty of the *English* Tongue), but likewise from those accurate Abbreviations and Elisions which twice occur in this Line ; so that we here meet with softening Consonants of the most agreeable Sound, scarcely with one harsh Vowel to intervene. A noble Standard this for Writing ! and will, no doubt, be imitated by all those polite Bards who intend to write for Futurity. I think I cannot better illustrate this Subject, than by a Quotation out of *Dean Swift* ; and with which (as it makes much for my present Purpose) I shall close this Note.

Upon hearing this, the Packets went,  
To the Master and the Man's Content.

So two Fools in Masquerade  
Decoy whole Legions ready-made,  
65 And wou'd have driven a gainful Trade,  
Had

"S I R,

"I cou'dn't get the things you sent for all about Town—I tho't to  
"ha' come down myself, and then I'd ha' bro't 'um; but han't don't,  
"and I believe I can't do't, that's pozz.——"

*I beg you'd never more believe Andrew, Line 60.]* The emphatic Stress upon the last Syllable in this Line is such a Beauty, as needs not to be pointed out to the intelligent Reader; and shews how successful our Author has been in a most happy Imitation of several Passages of the two inimitable and admired Lyrics above-mentioned, Mr. *John Hopkins* and Mr. *Thomas Sternhold*.

*So two Fools in Masquerade*

*Decoy whole Legions ready-made,* Lines 63, 64.]

This is the most natural Reflection upon the Folly of Mankind being seduced by Impostors, that ever was made! A Reflection, no less fraught with all the Delicacy than Poignancy of human Wit! And though our Poet (out of his great Bashfulness, I presume) has not deigned to subscribe his real Name to this Composition, yet a very little Skill in the Style of an Author may convince the most ignorant Reader, that the same Loftiness of Thought, and Purity of Language, equally displays itself here, as in his very ingenious Essay upon *Christian Peaceableness*, and all his judicious, well-digested Sermons, which are alike adapted to the highest as to the meanest Capacity. Ill-disposed Persons have, I know, looked upon these two Lines as a Satire upon a neighbouring Schoolmaster, who had the Effrontery to bring his numerous Train of young Gentlemen into *Manchester*, to perform their *Christmas* Exercises, without being made free of the Borough (or, as they say, with-

out

Had not the peevish Magistrate,  
 To suppress this flagrant Cheat,  
 Silenc'd his Doctorship, till he  
 Shou'd of the Borough be made free.

out having obtained a Licence to teach there); and likewise upon that honourable and splendid Appearance of Gentlemen, who, upon that remarkable Occasion, so humanely obliged him with their Company. But how easily does *Man* detect itself? For, as the first Supposition would imply him an Enemy to Merit, and, consequently, not interested in the Cause of Learning (which every one knows he is, from the present flourishing State of his School); so the second might, with great Justice, be made use of against himself, since 'tis no Secret what a polite and genteel Audience he was favoured with at his own Breaking-up.——An Audience consisting both of Rich and Poor, Learned and Unlearned.

*Had not the peevish Magistrate*, Line 66] Our Author here intends no Reflection upon a worthy Justice in his Neighbourhood, who has often given glaring Instances of his Zeal against Ballading, Bear-baiting, Dancing, and Tumbling; as plainly appears by his Use of the Word *Borough*, in the following Line, which implies the Term *Magistrate* to be understood only on a Corporation-Officer.

Thus have I endeavour'd to rescue from Oblivion one of the finest Poems that ever the Wit of Man devis'd; a Poem grand in its Design, regular in its Conduct, and inimitable in its Execution. My Reader will, I hope, pardon me, when I tell him (I am sure I intend it with the greatest Modesty), that I believe he never met with such a curious Piece of Poetry as this in the whole Course of his Reading: For where can we find so judicious an Interposition of Rhyme and Blank Verse, or so artful an Intermixture of Heroics, *Hudibrastics*, and *Anacreontics*, but in the surprising and wonderful Composition now before us?

F I N I S.





6-30



